

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 397

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 397

Witness

Mr. Thomas Pugh,
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Ballsbridge, Dublin.

Identity

Member of 'B' Company, 2nd Battalion,
Dublin Brigade Irish Volunteers.
1916.

Subject

- (a) National activities 1916-1921;
- (b) Jacob's Factory, Easter Week 1916.

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STATEMENT BY THOMAS PUGH

6 Churchill Terrace, Ballsbridge, Dublin.

I was always interested in the National movement.

I remember going to William Rooney's funeral when I was only a young fellow. I believe that at one time he attended the same school that I attended in Marino. We used to get all the National papers, "United Irishmen" and others, and we wore badges during the Boer War, but I was more interested in the soccer crowd, I was secretary of a football team.

I was very much on the Labour side in the 1913 strike. I joined the Socialist Party of Ireland, of which James Connolly and William O'Brien were members. The first time I heard the Soldiers Song was at a celebration held by the Socialist Party, when Monty Comerford sang it. William O'Brien's brother was a high up Volunteer officer. A man who lived in Ringsend was a member. He was a carpenter and I think his name was Browne. He was in Jacobs in Easter Week, 1916, with me.

We felt all along that there was something coming off.

I was in touch with lots of people, the Twomeys and others.

A few years before the Rising I was in the Engineering Department of the Post Office over Manfields in O'Connell Street, which was held in 1916 by Oscar Traynor and others. Through my work there I got to know Dick Mulcahy, who was in the Engineering Department of the Post Office in Aldborough House.

Coming up to about three weeks or a month before the Rising I felt that something was coming off soon, and when I met Dick Mulcahy one day in the National Library. I said to him, "I'll join the Irish Citizen Army". He said, "Join my Company", I suppose because I had been at some of the drills of his Company at 25 Parnell Square in the Gaelic League hall. I said, "I'm more in favour of the Citizen Army, but wouldn't the sensible thing be for me to join the nearest Company", and I went down to the Father Mathew Park and joined "B" Company of the 2nd Battalion. I went and drilled there a few times, and the worst assignment I had was one day I was doing recruits drill and my football team was playing in the next field. At half-time all the boys congregated on the ditch between the two fields and made a laugh of me.

Before the Rising young Billings came to me with the

mobilisation order for Easter Sunday. He came back and countermanded it and told me to keep myself in readiness. He told me to leave word at home where I could be found if I went out. I went into town and went to an exhibition of pictures, in the Royal Hibernian Academy. I was the last man to leave the exhibition. I returned home from the exhibition and I was mobilised next morning by young Billings again for St. Stephen's Green.

I went to St. Stephen's Green and found some people I knew there. We lined up at the Harcourt Street end of Stephen's Green. I still hold that I saw James Connolly marching down Stephen's Green at the head of the Citizen Army. Most people disagree with me and say he was not there, but if I am wrong it is the greatest hallucination I ever had. Most people think that Connolly marched direct to the G.P.O. The main body of the Citizen Army were not in the G.P.O., only a few of them were there. Apart from what I saw, it is reasonable to think that Connolly would have been with the main body of his men in the Green, and then would have gone down to the G.P.O. as the Commandant General.

We got orders to march off. While we were lined

up I saw John R. Reynolds, Percy's father, who was in the I.R.B., coming up the pathway along with Major MacBride. They shook hands, and John R. Reynolds turned back towards Grafton Street to go to the G.P.O., but I do not know where MacBride went to. I spoke to him afterwards in Jacobs.

We moved off round one of the side streets, Cuffe Street I think, into Longford Street off Whitefriars Street and around past the side door of Jacobs, where I saw our people breaking in the door. We marched straight on into Fumbally Lane to Usshers Malt-house. There Tom Hunter, the Commandant, told us to break out the windows. We were upstairs in the top loft. Then he lined us up and told us we were no longer members of the Irish Volunteers but were members of the Irish Republican Army.

Shortly afterwards Dick McKee came along and told me he wanted me to be his orderly. I was his orderly until we went to New Street and inspected the barricade at Clanbrassil Street and New Street. We inspected a barricade at the head of Fumbally Lane and I parted then with Dick McKee - I forget exactly when. We took several police and plain-clothes men prisoners, and I was in charge of them for a while. Jack Twomey was with me

and we brought our prisoners back to Jacobs when it was getting dusk in the evening. The women around the Coombe were in a terrible state, they were like French revolution furies and were throwing their arms round the police, hugging and kissing them, much to the disgust of the police. I got a few kicks and I think Twomey got some too, but somebody fired a shot to clear them off and they went away.

We got into Jacobs. Monty Comerford was holding the gate. I remember Máire Ní Shiubhlaigh, now Mrs. Eamon Price, was handing round tea inside.

In Jacobs there were a few alarms and excursions. We were to get ready to repel attacks once or twice, but they never came off. I was sent out to commandeer potatoes with another chap. We got the potatoes and got a couple of corner boys to carry them in.

The only time I was in the firing was when I was on the top floor of Jacobs, where they had a rest-room and library, with a glass roof and glass windows. A bullet came through, I would say it came from the direction of Patrick's Park. I was mostly on the ground floor and

only went up to the library to look for a book. We explored the different places and found a lot of crystallized fruit and tons of chocolate at the top of the house and we gorged ourselves. We were well off as regards that kind of food, but we would have given a lot for an ordinary piece of bread.

All during the week rumours were fast and furious - that the Germans had landed in the South and were marching on Dublin and so on. The days were all mixed up because we had got very little sleep and we did not know one day from another, but one day towards the end of the week Peadar Kearney, who wrote "The Soldiers Song", told me there was no truth in these rumours. He said to me, "Don't mind it. It's all a cod. There was no landing or anything like that at all".

They wanted reinforcements in the College of Surgeons and Jack Twomey and some of the others went down there.

The word of the surrender came as a bit of a surprise and a shock on Sunday morning. Two priests, Franciscans, came in some time during the afternoon, I think, and there was terrible confusion, men crying and breaking

their rifles. Tomás MacDonagh made a short sensible speech, he was very cool and very much to the point. Some of the lads asked MacBride what they should do, should they try to escape or should they remain there, and he said "Liberty is a sweet thing. If it ever happens again, take my advice and don't get inside four walls". As MacDonagh made the point that it would be a kind of desertion of the leaders not to surrender in force, I said that as I came out under orders I would do whatever I was ordered to do.

We were marched past the Adelaide Hospital; the doctors and nurses were all looking at us through the windows. We were marched to Bride Street and lined up with our backs to Chancery Lane, across the street in Bull Alley Road. Samon Ceannt and his men were lined up there. The British told us to discard all our military equipment. Some of the men were left with their haversacks, but they took my haversack and everything else from me. We were marched up Bride Street, through the Corn Market. The British soldiers were pretending to shoot at the windows and telling the people to shut them.

We were marched to Richmond barracks. At the gates

we met a crowd of soldiers' wives and we got a very bad reception from them.

When we arrived at Richmond barracks we were shoved into a barrack room. I remember a chap called Kelly from Liverpool sang, and we had a couple of songs. MacDonagh took off his big military cloak with the brass buttons of the Volunteers and gave it to MacBride. It was a very cold night.

Next morning we were brought out and paraded in the barrack square - I do not know for what. We were kept there for half an hour or maybe an hour, and shoved back into a different barrack room. MacBride, MacDonagh and Hanrahan were not put into this other room with us. We were there for one or two nights.

Out at the back there was a big square with grass on it, and I remember either the first or the second morning seeing Pádraig Pearse, cleanly shaved and brushed and looking ten feet high, with a huge guard around him. That was the last I saw of him.

On either the first or the second morning we were brought into the gymnasium and put up against a wall.

There was a good space left in front of the wall opposite. G-men and guards with fixed bayonets came in and picked out some of the men. The two Cosgraves, Phil and William, were in front of me and they were picked out. Con Colbert, Tom Hunter and others were picked out, and, much to our amusement, Dick Davis was picked out.

When we were on our way out from the gymnasium we were interrogated by G-men. At the turnstile they took our names and addresses and asked us what we were.

When I told the G-men that I was working in the Engineering Department of the Post Office I thought they were going to hold me up, but they let me go.

Before our interrogation we had to throw all our valuables into a bath. The man in charge of the guards overlooking the taking of our valuables was a temporary adjutant in Portobello Barracks, a Jew whom I knew very well. He was one of the Barrons, the furniture people. I am sure he knew me well, because I saved him one time from a beating in the football grounds in Inchicore. They took everything I had, including my wallet and an American hundred-dollar bill.

We were marched off to get the boat at the North Wall. We went past the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, and we started singing marching songs, "Eileen óge" and others. One of the British officers came and told us that if we did not stop singing he would order his men to shoot. As we were going along Ormond Quay there was a little wizened man sitting on some steps and the officer gave orders to shove him into the crowd of Volunteers. This man turned out to be a Russian sailor off a Russian boat, and he was sent to Knutsford.

We were marched into the L.M.S. station at the North Wall. There was a tunnel under the roadway to get on to the boat, and when we came up the tunnel they had arc-lamps shining on our faces. At the top of the gangway was an English officer named Bruen whom I knew well. I often had a drink with him. He was in the Connaught Rangers. He said to me, "I know you. Where did I meet you?" "In Nagle's public-house" I told him, and he shoved me on.

We got to Holyhead, and I remember some of the British military were inclined to be friendly but their comrades got on to them. We got on to a train at

Holyhead. We got two consignments of bully-beef but had no way of opening them, and we spent the time on the train between sleeping and trying to open the tins of beef without the means of doing so.

We got to Knutsford early in the morning. We realised it was a lovely town, but the jail did not look so good. We were put into cells. Johnny Rooney, who was from Swords, was next to me, and Jimmy Sheils was in the next cell to me. I wanted a sleep and threw myself down on the floor. I was there for about half an hour when a soldier came in, put me up and told me I could not go to bed until eight o'clock that night.

There was not very much happening in Knutsford except the usual prison routine. We were badly off in this respect - we were nobody's children, we were neither prisoners of war nor convicts and they did not know what to do with us or how to feed us. We could not blame the Commandant of the prison for this, who was a rather decent chap. I used to read his stories over and over again, he wrote stories for "The Boys' Own Paper". The worst thing that happened was when they took the bible and prayer-book, as well as some other religious

tracts from my cell. They were a terrible loss.

All I had for a blanket was a strip of coconut matting, and I used to take off my boots and use them as a pillow. I used to stand on the matting and roll it around me. I suffered terribly from the cold, and lost the use of my right foot for nearly a week. We used to get from three-quarters of an hour to an hour's exercise every day. Some of the fellows were a bit verminous from lying around the ovens in Jacobs and the authorities took our clothes and fumigated them. I got a pair of military hospital pants and a coat, which were much too small for me. I believe I was a grand-looking spectacle.

After about six weeks in Knutsford we were allowed to mix with and talk to each other. We were allowed to get parcels and receive visitors. That is where I met my wife. She was teaching in Manchester at the time, and she and some others there were great. They organised and collected money from their English friends and brought us food and other things. I met her in the grounds of Knutsford jail.

Walter Carpenter, secretary of the Socialist Party,

came over. His two sons had been in the Rising and they were in Knutsford. Dan McCarthy, who was wounded in the Union and had been released from the Castle Hospital, came later. Dick Mulcahy, Seamus Murphy, Dinny McCullough, Phil Shanaghan, Dick McKee and others were also in Knutsford jail.

Things were not so bad when we got the extra food and were allowed talk to each other.

Alfie Byrne, then an M.P., came to visit us in Knutsford. He and I had been friends earlier, but when he was starting to be a politician we had a terrible row over the Osborne judgment, a Trades Union case in England, and we were never friends afterwards. He offered me a packet of cigarettes in Knutsford, but I told him to give it to so-and-so. He did not get a very good reception.

We were brought to London to be examined by the Sankey Commission. We went to Wandsworth Prison. In Wandsworth most of us were on the ground floor, and above us on the second floor on the opposite side were military prisoners, mostly Australians. When a man is in jail for a little while he gets very compassionate for

the fellows coming next. The windows opened on a slide and there was a steel groove for the thing to slide into, and we used to press cigarette butts along this groove for the fellows coming next.

An Australian used to come in to me with my rations and he used to ask me what I had got. I offered him cigarettes, but he said, "No, give me a bit of butter". All the Australians wanted butter.

We drove through London, which I knew very well, on the tops of buses, and some of the boys took the chance of leaving letters on the seats. Most of these letters were delivered.

On our way back the station at Paddington was packed with people. Our train was there and we were bundled into it. After about half an hour the train started with a guard at every door. A great big well-fed, prosperous looking Englishman came along and said, "I don't want to wish anybody any harm, but I hope that the train piles up and kills the whole lot of you". The Tommies said, "Go away, you big, fat so-and-so. These men fought at least".

On our way back we had the London-Scottish as our guard, and they were very decent. They posted letters for some of the boys.

In Frongoch there was a Colonel who was christened "Buckshot" because he told us the guards were loaded with buckshot, that the wires were all electrified and not to attempt to escape. The Sergt. Major was christened "Jack-knives" because he used to ask us if we had any letters or papers or jack-knives;- "You had better give them up because I will only tear them up". He was a decent scout in his own way.

It was terrible in Frongoch at the start. There were about 1,100 men in the South Camp, and in the room where I was, No. 3 room, we were heads and tails. There was no space between us, and the atmosphere at night was shocking, even though we kept the windows open. Some of the lads wanted the windows closed, but we broke the glass.

Ginger O'Connell was in our room too. For a man who had experience he was one of the worst disciplinarians I met. He did not know how to manage our fellows, and when he was up in London Professor Liam O'Briain of

Galway was worse. A lot of our boys were pretty unruly. J.K. O'Reilly was an old man who had four sons, as well as himself, out in the Rising. There was a crowd of boys along the wall where he slept. They were great big young colts from the West of Ireland, and they used to play tricks when it was time to go to bed. J.K. O'Reilly could not sleep on account of them, and he called them all the names he could think of. He had beautiful virile vocabulary.

When we went to the South Camp Seamus Kavanagh was the commandant. He was one of the Fianna boys and was in the 26th Battalion. He was not in favour with the majority of the men, but had been made commandant by the British authorities. Joe Connolly, Seán Connolly's brother, was second in command.

When the releases started the numbers in the rooms were thinned out and things were not so bad. It was a bit of a strain when they used read out the names of those to be released.

Myself and a chap from Skerries called Joe Derham were delegated to the post office, as well as Mick

Brennan. Johnny Faller, from Galway, and another chap from Kilkenny whose name I forget - he died on hunger-strike afterwards, and another man called Éamon Barry, I think he died on hunger-strike afterwards too.

When the releases were finished the whole lot of us were sent up to the North Camp. It was pretty bad in the winter with flooding, as the camp was on a hill and they had to dig ditches to take the water and the men used to get hurt falling into the ditches at night.

Faller was a very cute kind of lad. The censors were very decent about religious articles coming in. When anything religious came in, they would let us have it at once without looking at it. A lot of the boys from the West of Ireland thought the South Camp was haunted, because there were thick 3" or 4" gun-metal pipes for heating, and with expanding and contracting they clanked. The boys got in bottles of holy water, and Faller got word out arranging to get in a bottle of poteen labelled holy water. I did not get any of the poteen that came in, but some of the lads who got it fell into the ditch and had to be extricated afterwards.

The hut leaders, Dick Cotter, Gearóid O'Sullivan and I think Dick Malcahy and Michael Collins were all segregated in a hut for a few days and they played bridge all the time. They got one of the guards to walk four miles to Bala and four miles back, for a bottle of whiskey, Black and White. They gave him four shillings and the whiskey cost 3/6., so he walked eight miles for sixpence.

There was an old private, who in civil life was a ^{Supt} ~~Sgt.~~ of Police in Manchester, in charge of the post office. The parcels came into the post office where we sorted them, and as each man came in for his parcel it had to be opened in front of the censor. This old private was of a better class than most of the men. His wife and family were living in Bala. He said he could not understand how I was mixed up with the crowd in the Camp, because I knew a lot of the racing people and he knew them all. He was unbribable as regards offering him money, but if I gave him a piece of plug tobacco and a clay pipe he would let me do anything. If I offered him £1 he would have me arrested, but he wanted the tobacco and the clay pipe.

Mick Staines was Commandant afterwards in the South

Camp. There had been German prisoners in the Camp before we arrived and there was only one of them left. This poor German was dying of consumption in an isolation hut. He died afterwards. Several of the Germans were buried in a little cemetery at the top of the North Camp. The only English this German knew was swear words which the British soldiers used to him.

The British authorities started looking for English chaps, from London and Liverpool, who were wanted for military service. Word went round the Camp that we were to refuse to answer to the names, but some of the men did answer. I was in Mick Collins's hut at this time. All the men who did not answer to the names were marched back to the South Camp and we were not allowed receive letters or parcels or anything else. It was a kind of a strike.

The people of Manchester and Dublin had made great provision for us for Christmas, but word came that we were to be released on Christmas Eve. It was a terrible night; we were kept out for about an hour in the ice and snow and sleet and were absolutely frozen. When we got to the train we were well off because we were

put into a first-class carriage which was beautifully heated. Some of the boys, including Denis Daly, had whiskey and gin sent to them during the period they were in prison. This had been seized by the censor but it had been given to them when they were released. In our carriage we were supposed to have a big bottle of whiskey, but when we opened it on the train there was only water in the bottle. Somebody had been at the bottle before us, taken the whiskey and put in water instead.

I wanted to go to America. I was in Liverpool and tried several times to get to America, but I was blocked once on account of my eyes and another time I was going to be signed on for the "Cedric", but the men who had been on the ship for the previous trip came along and I was blocked again.

Neil Kerr was in Frongoch and Knutsford with us. He was a fireman on the boats and brought in an automatic from the States. He was showing it to somebody when it went off and he was accidentally shot. His father was sent to jail for trying to set fire to a warehouse, but he was released when the Truce came and got a job

for the Customs, inspecting boats on the quays.

I did not succeed in getting to America.

Afterwards I was Secretary of my Circle of the I.R.B., and a certain number of us were told not to do any drilling or marching with the others. We were a sort of a Labour crowd - John Rooney, Joe Twomey, Luke Kennedy, Comber, Mick Slater and a few others. That was from 1918 onwards.

I was out of work for eight or nine months. I did not join the I.R.B. until I was released from prison. Peadar Kearney took me into his Circle, the O'Leary Circle. I was Secretary of that Circle later on. I had a very narrow escape one morning, a Sunday morning, going to a meeting. I had all the names and addresses of the members written in an exercise book wrapped in brown paper. I got the tram in Sandymount, outside the door, and just at Boland's Bridge the tram was held up by the Black and Tans. There were only two or three people in the tram and I put the parcel containing the exercise book on the seat. The Tans just came into the tram, walked up to the end and walked

out again. I had all the names and addresses of the members of the Circle in that exercise book, and after that experience I put down my foot and said I would not have any names and addresses written down, that each man who had men under him with whom he should keep in touch should keep their names and addresses in his head.

Before the Rising the last long conversation I had with James Connolly was at the Wolfe Tone Commemoration in Bodenstown in 1915. We sat on the grass there and ate our lunch together. We had a long conversation.

That was the year of the famous trip to Limerick. I was in the carriage with Joe Lawless coming home, and there were two lads from Swords. The priests did not act very well that day. I remember coming down to the station and the crowd were throwing stones at us, calling us names and cheering for the military. Some of the priests were laughing at us. We got into the yard of the station, and there were a few steps up to the door. There was a tough little chap whom I knew well - he was in the Rising and in Frongoch afterwards -

and he got a blow of a stone on the side of the head. He turned, put a cartridge into the Howth gun which he was carrying and was going to let go on the crowd when I caught him, rifle and all, and lifted him off the steps. It would have been very serious if he had fired on the crowd.

The military were supposed to be confined to barracks that day, but some of them were out and they were laughing at us.

I was at a meeting in Westmoreland Street, over the "Irish Times", or next door, where we had rooms. Mick Collins, Seán T. O'Kelly and Joe McGrath were at that meeting. I had a lot of experience of electioneering work; I had been everything at elections, I had been presiding officer, polling clerk, a representative of the candidate and everything except a candidate. I knew all about electioneering and I was selected to go to East Clare for de Valera's election. I met Seán Nunan next day for the first time, I was introduced to him. I knew Dan McCarthy very well, he was in charge of the elections. Four of us

went together to Clare and brought tons of literature with us. We were heralded at every station by R.I.C. men. We stopped in Dalys' of Limerick at night. The four were Seán Nunan, Dan McCarthy, Peadar Clancy and myself. I do not know what was the idea behind it, I considered it very macabre, but they told us next morning that the bed in which Peadar Clancy had slept the night before had been slept in, from time to time, by all the men who had been executed. It was a shocking thing in view of what happened afterwards.

We opened the campaign for de Valera. J. K. O'Reilly was with me at a place called Broadford, and from the top of an outside car I sang "The Soldier's Song, it was the first time it was heard down there.

Mick Lynch, Diarmuid Lynch's brother, from Cork was there shortly afterwards. He had an Indian combination and we toured the constituency. We were fired on at one place, probably by an R.I.C. man for it was a miniature rifle bullet which went through the car. There were plenty of alarums and excursions and some of the towns people

were very hostile.

Mr. Paddy Lynch, whom I got to know very well and was friendly with afterwards, was the candidate against de Valera.

Mick Collins came down to Clare a week or so before the election and asked me what I thought of our chances at the election. I told him we would win by two thousand votes. He would not believe me and said, "I have my lunch in the Dolphin Hotel every day and I can get all kinds of odds against us winning the election. Are you sure we'll win?". I said to him, "I'm sure we'll win, and I'll go as far as to say we will win by two thousand". He had a bet on with Sir Patrick Shortall.

The day after the election we drove from the Old Ground Hotel, Mick Collins, de Valera and Corrigan, who later became State Solicitor, he was our solicitor then. I was on the running board of the car. There was a film of this shown in the Rotunda picture-house afterwards. I went to see it but it had been taken off the day before. I was sorry I missed seeing it.

There were two representatives for each candidate and I was one of the counters for de Valera. Each vote was taken out and the representatives agreed as to whether it was for Lynch or for de Valera. I had got used to kidding the censors in Frongoch, I used to steal things from under their noses, and when the votes were being counted after the election I coddled them several times. I would often take a Lynch vote and count it for de Valera - any that would be a bit doubtful. Michael Collins was standing behind me and said to me, "You are a bally ruffian".

We were up in a room pretty high in the courthouse. There was a big wall surrounding the place, it was like a prison, with concrete outside. The result of the election was that de Valera won by three thousand odd votes. I took a cigarette packet from my pocket and wrote on the inside that de Valera got so many votes and Lynch got so many, and threw the packet out the window. Lynch told me I should not have done that. Some man dropped off the wall outside and got the paper, and when we heard the cheer outside we knew the crowd had the news.

I got a present of a Claddagh ring from the people of Ennis. It was inscribed.

A couple of days afterwards I got an invitation from the Fallers to come to Galway. I travelled from Ennis to Galway with Larry Ginnell.

I had a narrow escape in Galway. French was reviewing the troops in Galway. I was wearing a Tri-Colour badge on my coat and was turning a corner from one street to another when an old lassie took out an ash plant and made a swipe at my head.

We used to take awful chances. I have been in Phil Shanahan's with three or four others drinking at our leisure at 12 o'clock at night. We would have our backs to the door and we would hear the police and G-men outside. Sometimes the heads of the Army would be there but they would be there on business. Sometimes an Australian fellow would come in, throw a .45 revolver on the counter and put out his hand for a pound. That was a recognised thing. The women used to steal rifles and .45 revolvers and anything they could get their hands on.

I worked for Mulcahy at the first big election here.

I was supposed to work for Phil Shanahan, but Malcahy was going up for the constituency to which I belonged and I was of more use to him. I was in charge of the Candidates rooms opposite the polling booth at the North Strand in 1918.

I was very friendly with Michael Collins. He had a great collection of books and I gave him a complete set of books, the 22 volumes bound in calf of Duffy Library of Ireland, 1st Editions. He was very fond of reading.

According to Peadar Kearney there was a meeting held in the ^{Mara} Myra Hotel attended mostly by members of the New Ireland Branch of the U.I.L. Kettle belonged to this, Pearse and Stephen McKenna and Sheehy Skeffington were in it. Peadar Kearney was a great man for getting into all those things, and he was at the meeting. Whatever Pearse said in his speech, Peadar Kearney ran over to Tom Clarke and said to him, "You'll have to get hold of this fellow".

Shortly after the 1918 elections I saw John Redmond in O'Connell Street, just outside Clerys, and he looked an absolutely broken man.

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